

Extracts.

FOUR SONNETS ON A PHILISTINE THEME.

I.

MY LITTLE BOY'S FACE.

O little face, how soon the years shall pass;
Set like a saint, in curl for crook;
Little, loved face, in which the clear child-soul is mirror'd with a changeful perfect grace;
With sun-like ripens of light lighter than sun;

The dimples of great gladness, and the smile of Cloud-shadows of great quietness, and the

For human life half realis'd, when once

In restless scenes, gloom, sham, and thine;

A thousand feelings, sorrow, love, and joy,

And bold impulsive, of life's divisions,

Andings dreams-like—*to my boy, my boy,*

How I do love that little face of thine!

II.

LITTLE.

O little face, how soon the years shall pass;
Shall soon stem lines upon the pure smooth brow,
And mind the grey and wrinkled mouth, when now
No harshness dwells, but all emotions pass;

As subtle-smooth as light winds over grass—

Are seen stem lines, marking the when and how

Of life's half realis'd, when once I hear the song,

Comes; they shew the years, the former times,

Of compressed clouds leap fire and rain,

And thunder; then they shew those to sleep,

But all the difference in the summer plain,

The shelter'd woods, the sodden meadows deep,

The humid prints of the golden grain—

And at the change I cannot but weep.

III.

THE CLASSICAL IDEAL.

Music when he was so soon out worn—

A man's life, half realis'd, a death;

A host-fest lastevine, malting a pale death;

Late unrightly done; a great man's fall;

Heralding sleet and dark grey skies before;

A goodly coming, the Psalmist saith;

The moth shall eat him if perchance he perchance;

The moth shall eat him if perchance he perchance;

Of colour, only-and-for-ay, hold;

That it must fact as full fallen fates

With eye, and the flesh check grow wan and cold,

The eye less bright, and chill with silver shines

The hair of bronze that had the men of gold.

IV.

THE GOTHIC IDEAL.

Or artful and art than then the slave
Of that dull woman, Time? I tell thee nay;
At thy shrill drudge, to make youth's day
A day of toil, and toil of toil, and day;

Manhood's stern master. So they guide the horse,

Then shall each touch and chisel stroke display,

In lines perhaps new broken in the way;

Or effort, now harmonious name,

By pure high thoughts, which a cavil will

Get from the hand of man and he'll ill,

And slow correction of the mean and meek;

And to life close, not only in the ken;

Of the great Maté Critic, but men,

Baudy shall sit enthroned upon that face,

—Examiner.

FRANK T. MARSHALL.

CASH INSTEAD OF CREDIT.

Purchases which are paid for when they are made are limited to the purchaser's wants. There is nothing like having to count the money out when the article is bought to make people economical. The amount of indebtedness incurred is not much considered when the pay-day is far off. Persons who do all their business on a cash basis know just where they stand and what they can afford. Real wants are few, and can be gratified for cash; at all events they should be limited to what can be paid for in cash. How much of anxiety, how many sleepless hours, how many heart burnings, disappointments and regrets would be avoided if this rule were always strictly adhered to!

THE RIVAL ANTIQUARIES.

One occasion on which the rival antiquaries, Mr. Cosmo Innes and Mr. John Riddell, were pitted against each other actually led to at least one of the two practised advocates (Mr. Riddell) losing his temper, and coming (as near personalities as such a person could be supposed to do). They mutually attacked each other's personal genealogies, thereby, no doubt, furnishing some fun for those who care for none of these things. Mr. Innes was supposed to have the last word in the paper war, in a little unpublished leaflet, which he designated "My Last Chapter," and in which throughout he affected to write as Mr. Riddell himself, exposing with deploying what he cannot but feel to be all the weak points in his own case. The mighty matter in dispute was whether the family of Riddell had bestowed its name on the territory of Glen Riddell, or whether instead they had derived their name from that territory. In reply to an innuendo or ascription to the latter effect by Mr. Innes, Mr. Riddell retorted by bitter sneers at one whom he styled "the naked Berowald," meaning thereby an ancient individual usually designated Berowald Flandrensis. Mr. Innes' most remote known ancestor, who came over from Holland and formed a sort of little Holland on the flat shore of Morayshire, drained a few marshes and there established himself and his family, bestowing on or receiving from (ah! there's the rub) this country the name of Innes. Mr. Riddell, probably justly, maintained that there was no evidence of this personage having any name at all, except that of Berowald (Flandrensis) merely denoting him a Dutchman, nor any property save his skin, until, &c.—*Memor of Corine Innes.*

ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

Many of the houses in St. Martin's-lane have historic and artistic associations which carry us back to the day of George II. and the early part of the reign of George III. Thus, for instance, Mr. Paul Cudworth informs us that "in great rooms on the west side, nearly opposite 'Slaughter's' N. Home, the painter, exhibited in 1755 his celebrated 'Conqueror' intended as a satire on the way in which Sir John Jephcott composed his pictures; and in Cecil Court, in the following year, a son, Abram, Ralmbach, the engraver." Smith, too, tells us in his "Norriton," that "a house, No. 96, of the west side," has a large staircase, curiously painted, and figures in a procession, which he exerted for the family of Dr. Minsaull, about the year 1732, as a painter in Clermont, a French town. Behind the house there is a large room, the inside of which is given by Hogarth in his "Rake's Progress," in which he introduced portraits of the doctor and his Irish wife, St. Martin's-lane, if we except a few houses on the eastern side, at the end, now to St. Martin's Church, was built between the years 1610 and 1615. Up to that time it was apparently a really green country lane, known as West Church lane, with scarcely a single cottage all the way up to St. Giles'. A little before that time, we find Sir Hugh Plat, the most eminent horticulturist of his age, had a garden in St. Martin's-lane. Among its most distinguished inhabitants in its early days were Sir John Suckling, the poet, Sir Daniel Digby, and Dr. Mynors, the painter. Here too, lived at one time the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, Dr. (afterwards Arch. Bishop) Thomson's father, whilst he was the Vicar of St. Martin's, and the Whig peer Ambrose Phillips. In this street, too, nearly opposite, were now, or "May," Buildings, Mr. Joshua Reynolds, when he first came a young man to London; and Sir James Thynne, who established at the back of his house the art-school, out of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Royal Academy did not begin. Fane and Roubillanc, too, in their day had studios here; and the artiste who did not actually live in the lane used to frequent it at an evening, repairing at "Slaughter's" Coffee-house," their accustomed haunt. How Hogarth has a constant visitor, stepping round from his quarters hard by in Leicester-square, and many of the larger houses, if they have not been tenanted by artiste, have been the hands and homes of extensive picture-dealers.—*Old and New London.*

GRAFTING.

The operation of grafting in the vegetable kingdom is well-known; living fragments are attached to a parent tree. But the grafted portion never becomes an integral part of that to which it has been transported; it rather develops as a parasite, like the millet-soul or the oak, and remains physiologically distinct. This, however, is not the case with animals when a piece taken from another part of the same individual, or from a different subject, is grafted, it becomes a perfect portion, and gives the same life. The cells of the choroid coat of the eye may be transplanted, and preserve their vitality in their new home. The translocation of blood is nothing but the introduction of red globules borrowed from one organism and transferred to another. This succeeds even if the blood passes into an individual of quite a different class, as for instance, from a mammal into the vessel of a frog. The globule will be found after a time living and easily recognizable as a superior animal. The spurs of one cock have been grafted into the comb of another, and both of mammal have also been transplanted.—*Chamber's Journal.*

IMITATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.

There is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible, and these productions are sent to the shop of all lands. How the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavily-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling hue is constantly going on. The sand thus employed, and upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau; it appears to possess some peculiar qualities of adhesion to this purpose. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies, and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection. Hundreds of operatives are employed in polishing the colored stones and in lining the false pearls with fish scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose; they have to be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue so much desired in the real pearl will not be imitated. These false pearls have been of late years so perfected that the Roman pearl has given way to them. The setting is always of real gold and the fashion of the newest kind.

THE ART OF SLEEPING.

Some persons have the gift of sleep, and need not cultivate the art of sleeping. They can sleep when and go to sleep anywhere, at any time, and under almost any conceivable circumstance. They can sleep when they are sick, and sleep away their sickness; they can sleep when they are in trouble, and forget all their care. They can sleep on a soft bed or a hard one; with comfortable pillows under their heads or without them. They could lie down "in the midst of the sea," or "upon the top of a mast," and sleep asleep.

And even if they cannot find a place to stretch themselves they can still sleep, bolt upright, in a chair, in a car, or anywhere, their heads wagging round, to be sure, but their senses locked up quietly in the arms of sleep—sweet sleep. They can do all this in an empty stomach, and so forget their hunger; and they can do it equally well on a full stomach, and leave nature to take care of its load. Such people may truly be said to possess the gift of sleep. Some persons call them "sleepy-heads," yet they contrive to get through the world very comfortably, and though they may not be lean and hungry-looking and may even be enclosed in their own skin, some of them, are not necessarily heavy and stupid when awake. So far from this, some of them are as wide-awake and sharp when at work as the last sleep of mortals. We chance to know some of the breed of sleepy men and women, who are a match for anybody when awake. But sleep is a gift, an acquisition.

There is, however, another class of humans—much the most numerous class too—who are poor sleepers, light sleepers, drowsy, with whom sleep—good, sound, refreshing, continuous sleep—is the exception in their experience and not the rule. These people need to study the art of sleeping, looking and may even be enclosed in their own skin, some of them, are not necessarily heavy and stupid when awake. So far from this, some of them are as wide-awake and sharp when at work as the last sleep of mortals. We chance to know some of the breed of sleepy men and women, who are a match for anybody when awake. But sleep is a gift, an acquisition.

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